

The history

He stand to day for thee and me and Troy.

*Troyl.* Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you,  
Which better fits a Lion then a man.

*Hector.* What vice is that? good *Troilus* chide mee  
for it.

*Troyl.* When many times the captive Grecian falls,  
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire sword.  
You bid them rise and liue.

*Hect.* O tis faire play.

*Troyl.* Fooles play by heauen *Hector.*

*Hect.* How now? how now?

*Troyl.* For th'loue of all the gods  
Lets leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mother,  
And when we haue our armors buckled on,  
The venoind vengeance ride vpon our swords,  
Spur them to ruthfull worke, raine them from ruth.

*Hect.* Fie sauage, fie.

*Troyl.* *Hector* then 'tis warres.

*Hect.* *Troilus* I would not haue you fight to day.

*Troyl.* Who should with-hold me?  
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,  
Beckning with fierie trunchion my retire,  
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,  
Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of teares,  
Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne,  
Opposd to hinder me, should stop my way.

Enter *Priam* and *Cassandra*.

*Cass.* Lay hold vpon him, *Priam* hold him fast,  
He is thy crutch: now if thou loose thy stay,  
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,  
Fall all together.

*Priam.* Come *Hector*, come, go back,  
Thy wife hath dreamt, thy mother hath had visions,  
*Cassandra* doth foresee, and I my selfe,  
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,  
To tell thee that this day is ominous:

There

of *Troilus* and *Cresseida*.

Therefore come back.

*Hec.* *Aeneas* is a field,  
And I do stand, engagd to many Greekes,  
Euen in the faith of valour to appeare,  
This morning to them.

*Priam.* I but thou shalt not goe.

*Hec.* I must not breake my faith,  
You know me durifull, therefore deere sir,  
Let me not shame respect, but giue me leaue  
To take that course by your consent and voice,  
Which you do here forbid me royall *Priam*.

*Cass.* O *Priam* yeeld not to him.

*And.* Do not deere father.

*Hec.* *Andromache* I am offended with you,  
Vpon the loue you beare me get you in. Exit *Androm.*

*Troyl.* This foolish dreaming superstitious girle,  
Makes all these bodements.

*Cass.* O farewell deere *Hector*.

Looke how thou dy'st, looke how thy eye turnes pale,  
Looke how thy wounds do bleed at many vents,  
Harke how Troy roares, how *Hecuba* cries out,  
How poore *Andromache* shrils her dolours foorth,  
Behold, destruction, frenzie, and amazement,  
Like witleffe antiques one another meete,  
And all crye *Hector*, *Hectors* dead, O *Hector*.

*Troyl.* Away, away.

*Cass.* Farewell, yet soft: *Hector* I take my leaue,  
Thou do'st thy selfe and all our Troy deceaue?

*Hec.* You are amaz'd my hege, at her exc aime,  
Goe in and cheere the towne,  
Weele forth and fight,  
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

*Priam.* Farewell, the gods with safetie stand about thee.

Alarum.

*Troyl.* They are at it harke, proud *Diomed* beleaue,  
I come to loose my arme, or winne my fleecue.

Enter *Pandar*.

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*Pand.*